

Good Morning 482

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Molly Serves tea to Navy, P.O. SIDNEY CHILVERS

IT was quite a job to find your wife, P.O. Sidney Chilvers, driving her Church Army van in the winding Broadland roads. She was eventually "waylaid" near Wroxham and a photograph taken—just to show you how well she looks.

She is certainly doing a full-size job six days a week, and long days, too. But you know all that, and no doubt she has told you she really likes her job. A very good driver is Molly.

Your very welcome letters come along pretty regularly, though naturally it's you they want to see at 66 The Street, Neatishead, Norwich.

Your wife says: "Please tell Sidney: All are well at home. I have been to the beach with the Water Lane people. Work is going on fine in the Church Army van, although the Navy needs some feeding."

"I never knew the Navy drank so much tea. You should see me in the morning—up early, spit and polish, and away. Love to all the boys in your Sub. How I wish I could drive up with my van and serve tea and cakes to your crowd. Good luck, Sidney, and here's hoping to see you soon."

Well, that's the message Molly wrote—sounds bright and cheerful, doesn't she?



SUNDAE IN HEAVEN'S TOWN

THE soda fountains of Evanston, near Chicago, were wont to do a roaring business on Sundays, for the youth of the town, at a loose end, found the mild dissipation of a prolonged gossip over an ice-cream soda an excellent way of killing time and tedium.

But Evanston was a very godly town—it was, indeed, known to many kindly jesters as "Heavenston"—and the religious community, hearing of this habit of the town's youth, frowned heavily on this popular practice.

In all gravity and good faith, the Council passed a by-law prohibiting the sale of ice-cream sodas in Evanston on Sundays.

So the soda fountain proprietors, putting their heads together, agreed to remove the soda from the recipe, and to serve ice-cream anointed with syrups and other accompaniments chosen by the customers—thus complying with the law,

if not in the spirit, at least in the letter!

Many and wonderful were the concoctions devised by the youth of Evanston, who vied with one another to produce the most enticing mixture.

So popular, indeed, did the new dish become that people began ordering it on weekdays—and in order to distinguish it from the common-or-garden Monday-to-Saturday ice-cream soda, they simply called it a "Sunday."

This re-aroused the ire of the religious community, and the city fathers, once again falling into line, sternly forbade the practice of christening a very worldly item by the name of the Sabbath.

So once again the soda fountain proprietors put their heads together.

At first they couldn't agree, for the new name was now firmly established, and to alter it would probably spoil the trade. You couldn't stop

people ordering something by a name they knew and were used to.

Then one of the coterie had an inspiration. Why not, he said, just alter the spelling? That would solve the whole problem.

And that was the genesis of a dish which was to spread over the world like an irresistible glacier—the ever-popular "sundae."

PAT SPENCER.

There is no greater sorrow than to be mindful of the happy time in misery.
Longfellow.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.
Abraham Lincoln.

IF you tread on a girl's toes or kick her ankles in a London dance hall, she will sit the next one out, but in Blackpool she will say, "S'allreet, luv, just pick your feet oop." And there you have the spirit of Britain's Coney Island. Blackpool, probably, is the least-changed town in Britain—there are more uniforms and civil servants there, of course, and a number of hotels have been commandeered by the Services, but in spite of that it's much as it was.

I got off the train at Central Station and crossed the road to the Palatine Hotel. The snack and amusement bar next door are still thriving, and there's a N.A.A.F.I. alongside that's usually full of W.A.A.F.s. I went up to the North Pier and along to Uncle Tom's Cabin, then back down to the Tower and along to South Pier and the big dipper.

How a Lancastrian feels about a Londoner writing on the pride of his county I don't know—but I'm fond of Blackpool—the Wakes Weeks, when everyone, even the men on the dole, pour in from all the county, are to me as symbolical of the free-and-easy Northerners as is the Changing of the Guard ceremony at Buckingham Palace typical of the Southerners' strictness of mind.

Gracie Fields wrote about Blackpool in a London newspaper. I quote her:—

"If you live in the South you have your fortnight's holiday and go off with the family or a friend to the seaside. Maybe, even the man next door doesn't know that you have gone. Your holiday is just a little private celebration that's nobody's business but your own."

"But throughout the great grey cotton towns of Lancashire it's the whole community that goes away in one big party for a grand week of tripe and cowheel and wheikies in little saucers and winkies and Punch and Judy and paper hats and streamers

Ron Richards, on a visit to your Home Town, remarks: "In 1750 there was no Blackpool on the map. To-day the visitor wonders if there's anything else."

and dancing on the Pier! One week of happiness—one week of mass happiness that helps a whole town to forget its worries and troubles.

"If Albert hasn't got a weekly wage packet he'll travel in the special motor-coach that leaves when he's signed the book."

"If Tom's got a bill overdue, he'll just whistle, say 'Holidays are coomin', and let it wait."

"If there are some who still can't make it, why, the other folks will whip round and raise the fares for them."

"Somehow they mostly manage for themselves. All the year round they put their shilling or two into the Holiday Club."

Gracie adds: "If you're nobbut a Southerner you'll not understand these Wakes o' ours."

Most of Lancashire's holiday-makers book their rooms the previous year. The first thing they do when they get to the seaside is to pay the cash down in advance for their week's board and lodging. Then they begin to spend. They spend all they've got and never take a penny back. "What's the good o' scrimpin'," they say—and they let it rip!

The lads take the lassies for drinks and dances on the pier or in the Tower Ballroom. And how smart the young women still are these days! They subscribe to "perm clubs", and copy the latest fashion styles in gay cotton materials.

They are so matey. The Lancashire folk get together in a way Southerners never seem able to do.

How did all this come about, and what has Blackpool that Brighton and Southend haven't got?

In 1750 there was no Blackpool on the map. To-day the visitor soon wonders if there is anything else. The town is entirely self-made. It inherited no lovely family places, no downs like Brighton, no pines like Bournemouth, no mountains like Monte Carlo. But that did not worry anyone.

In 1939 there was a permanent population of 121,000, although there is no local industry except catering for visitors and catering for those who cater.

The season opens with a crash at Whitsun and goes on till October. By rail alone

six million people arrive during the course of a year.

The sea-front is seven miles long, and seems much longer. A thousand new houses and a hundred new hotels go up each year. There are three piers, thick with theatres and concert halls and slot machines, sixty-three public tennis courts (hard, soft, and mingled), seven putting courses, twenty bowling greens, six playgrounds for children, seventeen cinemas, and enough boating ponds to splash every visitor twice a day.

The churches are numerous, too, but you have to get there



"Get back in your shell, you dope! They're droppin' 'em!"

early, for in summer they all put out House Full notices!

There is a magnificent swimming pool, containing over a million and a half tons of sea water. One length is a hundred yards, which may not seem much, but feels like the Atlantic, and the high dives and shutes appear suicidal.

The value for money is sensational. You can swim eight or ten miles for sixpence, have a grand fish supper for a shilling in a slap-up ten-acre restaurant, dance ten or fifteen miles to famous music for another shilling, and, if you have the strength and the money, you can finish up with a circus or music hall for another eighteenpence.

By road, Blackpool is 230 miles from London and 190

from Edinburgh, a day's trip on clear roads and about a week in holiday traffic.

Now catch up on time again and let's go to the pleasure beach; a million pounds' worth of amusement machinery laid out by the famous architect Emberton, and built and maintained by a team of a thousand engineers, artists, model-makers and workmen. There is a Noah's Ark, complete with animals created by Percy Metcalfe, who designed the Irish coinage. The leaflets are illustrated by Tom Purvis, who designed the British Industries Fair poster.

Here you will find modernism reigning supreme as you are whirled up, spun round, and flung down more frightfully and yet more smoothly and safely than anywhere else in the world.

The pleasure beach people know all there is to know about engineering fun, and they do a fine export business. Even Coney Island, which has some big thrills, cannot compete in dynamics, architecture or cleanliness.

Apart from the magnificent pleasure beach, the main centres are the Tower, the Winter Gardens and the Palace. All are run by one man—Mr. Butson. I went to see him.

"In the Winter Gardens," he explained, "we have the Opera House—it takes more money than any other two-house show in England—a big cinema, one main dance hall for 5,000 dancers, two smaller ballrooms upstairs, Olympia—mostly sideshows—and a variety of cafes, and so on."

"For one shilling you can see the film, go to the Olympia, dance in any of the ballrooms, and spend as long as you like in the cafes."

"At the Palace we have a variety show, a cinema and a dance hall. Patrons of either the film or the show can dance free."

"In the Tower you can visit the Aquarium and the Zoo, see the Aviary, go on the roof garden, dance to Bertini and his band, listen to Reginald Dixon on the organ, and watch a Children's Ballet. That again will cost you a shilling."

This quietly spoken, unostentatious man can entertain 100,000 people a day.

I have mentioned only a few of the attractions he runs.

And there is an enormous variety of places where you sit and eat, or drink and be merry—all in this one building.

Blackpool is unique. At night, when the illuminations were permitted, it became a fantastic fairyland, defying description.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Blood-Traced Map

"SOLOMON'S MINES!" ejaculated both my hearers at once.

"Where are they?"

"I don't know," I said; "I know where they are said to be. I once saw the peaks of the mountains that border them, but there was a hundred and thirty miles of desert between me and them, and I am not aware that any white man ever got across it save one. But perhaps the best thing I can do is to tell you the legend of Solomon's Mines as I know it, you passing your word not to reveal anything I tell you without my permission. Do you agree to that? I have my reasons for asking it."

Sir Henry nodded, and Captain Good replied, "Certainly, certainly."

"Well," I began. "I was up beyond the Manica country, at a place called Sitanda's Kraal. I had an attack of fever, and was in a bad way generally, when one day a Portuguese arrived with a single companion—a half-breed."

He was tall and thin, with large dark eyes and curling grey mustachios. We talked together a little, for he could speak broken English, and I understood a little Portuguese, and he told me that his name was Jose Silvestre, and that he had a place near Delagoa Bay; and when he went on next day with his half-breed companion, he said, 'Good-bye,' taking off his hat quite in the old style. 'Good-bye, senor,' he said; 'if ever we meet again I shall be the richest man in the world, and I will remember you.'

"I laughed a little—I was too weak to laugh much—and watched him strike out for the great desert to the west, wondering if he was mad, or what he thought he was going to find there."

"A week passed, and I got the better of my fever. One evening I was sitting on the ground in front of the little tent I had with me, when suddenly I saw a figure, apparently that of a European, for it wore a coat, on the slope of the rising ground opposite to me, about three hundred yards away. The figure crept along on its hands and knees, then it got up and staggered along a few yards on its legs, only to fall and crawl along again. Seeing that it must be somebody in distress, I sent one of my hunters to help him, and presently he arrived, and who do you suppose it turned out to be?"

"Jose Silvestre, of course," said Captain Good.

"Yes, Jose Silvestre, or rather his skeleton and a little skin. His face was bright yellow with bilious fever, and his large dark

eyes stood nearly out of his head, for all his flesh had gone.

"Water! for the sake of Christ, water!" he moaned.

"I gave him water with a little milk in it, and he drank it in great gulps, two quarts or more, without stopping. I would not let him have any more. I took him into the tent and did what I could for him, which was little enough; but I saw how it must end. At dawn I saw him in the half light sitting up, a strange, gaunt form, and gazing out towards the desert. Presently the first ray of the sun shot right across the wide plain before us till it reached the far-away crest of one of the tallest of the Suliman Mountains more than a hundred miles away."

"There it is!" cried the dying man in Portuguese, stretching out his long, thin arm, 'but I shall never reach it, never. No one will ever reach it!'

"Suddenly he paused, and seemed to make a resolution. 'Friend,' he said, turning towards me, 'are you there? My eyes grow dark.'

"Yes," I said; 'yes, lie down now, and rest.'

"Ay," he answered, 'I shall rest soon, I have time to rest—all eternity. Listen, I am dying! You have been good to me. I will give you the paper. Perhaps you will get there if you can live through the desert, which has killed my poor servant and me.'

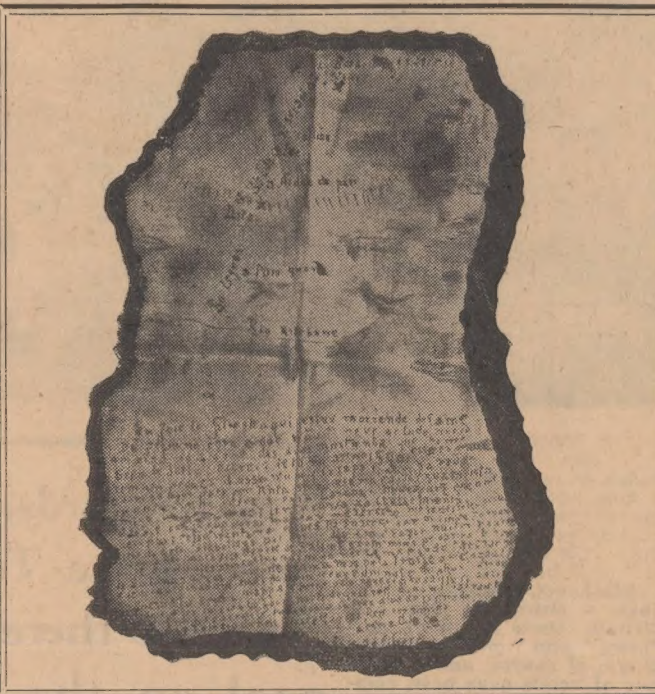
"Then he groped in his shirt and brought out what I thought was a Boer tobacco pouch of the skin of the Swart-vet-pens (sable antelope). It was fastened with a little strip of hide, what we call a rimpi, and this he tried to untie, but could not. He handed it to me. 'Untie it,' he said. I did so, and extracted a bit of torn yellow linen on which something was written in rusty letters. Inside was a paper."

A Dead Man's Secret

"Then he went on feebly, for he was growing weak: 'The paper has it all that is on the rag. It took me years to read. Listen: my ancestor, a political refugee from Lisbon, wrote that when he was dying on those mountains which no white foot ever pressed before or since. His name was Jose da Silvestre, and he lived three hundred years ago. His slave, who waited for him on this side the mountains, found him dead, and brought the writing home to Delagoa. It has been in the family ever since, but none have cared to read it, till at last I did. And I have lost my life over it, but another may succeed, and become the richest man in the world—the richest man in the world. Only give it to no one; go yourself!' Then he began to wander again, and in an hour it was all over."

"God rest him! he died very quietly, and I buried him deep, with big boulders on his breast; so I do not think that the jackals can have dug him up. And then I came away."

"Ay, but the document," said Sir Henry, in a tone of deep interest.



"Yes, the document; what was in it?" added the captain.

"Well, gentlemen, if you like I will tell you. I have never showed it to anybody yet except my dear wife, who is dead, and she thought it was all nonsense. The original rag is at my home in Durban, together with poor Dom Jose's translation, but I have the English rendering in my pocket-book, and a fac-simile of the map, if it can be called a map. Here it is."

"I, Jose da Silvestre, who am now dying of hunger in the little cave where no snow is on the north side of the nipple of the southernmost of the two mountains I have named Sheba's Breasts, write this in the year 1590 with a cleft bone upon a remnant of my raiment, my blood being the ink. If my slave should find it when he comes, and should bring it to Delagoa, let my friend (name illegible) bring the matter to the knowledge of the king, that he may send an army which, if they live through the desert and the mountains, and can overcome the brave Kukuanes and their devilish arts, to which end many priests should be brought, will make him the richest king since Solomon. With my own eyes have I seen the countless diamonds stored in Solomon's treasure chamber behind the white Death; but through the treachery of Gagool the witch-finder I might bring nought away, scarcely my life. Let him who comes follow the map, and climb the snow of Sheba's left breast till he comes to the nipple, on the north side of which is the great road Solomon made, from whence three days' journey to the King's Palace. Let him kill Gagool. Pray for my soul. Farewell."

JOSE DA SILVESTRE.

JANE



When I had finished reading and shown the copy of the map, there followed a silence of astonishment.

"It's a queer story, Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry. "I suppose you are not hoaxing us?"

"You shall see the original map and writing when we reach Durban," I said. "But I have not told you about your brother. I knew the man Jim who was with him. The morning Mr. Neville was starting, I saw Jim standing by my wagon cutting up tobacco."

The Lure of Diamonds

"Jim," said I, 'where are you off to this trip? Is it elephants?' "No, Baas," he answered, 'we are after something worth more than ivory.'

"I did not ask any more questions, for I did not like to lower my dignity by seeming curious. Jim finished cutting his tobacco."

"Baas, we are going after diamonds."

"Diamonds! why, then, you should head for the Fields."

"Baas, have you ever heard of Suliman's Berg?" (Solomon's Mountains). 'Have you ever heard of the diamonds there?'

"I have heard a foolish story, Jim. Your master will feed the aasvogels (vultures), Jim, if he tries to reach Suliman's country, and so will you if they can get any pickings off your worthless old carcass," said I.

"He grinned. 'Mayhap, Baas. Man must die.'

"Half an hour after that I saw Neville's wagon move off. Presently Jim came running back. 'Good-bye, Baas,' he said. 'I didn't like to start without bidding you good-bye, for I daresay you are right, and

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

we shall never come back again."

"Is your master really going to Suliman's Berg, Jim, or are you lying?"

"No," says he, 'he is going. He told me he was bound to make his fortune somehow, or try to; so he might as well try the diamonds.'

"Oh!" said I; 'wait a bit, Jim; will you take a note to your master, Jim, and promise not to give it to him till you reach Inyati?' (which was some hundred miles off).

"So I took a scrap of paper, and wrote on it, 'Let him who comes . . . climb the snow of Sheba's left breast, till he comes to the nipple, on the north side of which is Solomon's great road.'

"Now, Jim," I said, 'when you give this to your master, tell him he had better follow the advice implicitly.'

"Jim took the note and went, and that is all I know about your brother, Sir Henry."

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, "I am going to look for my brother; I am going to trace him to Suliman's Mountains, and over them if necessary, till I find him, or till I know that he is dead. Will you come with me?"

"No, thank you, Sir Henry, I think I had rather not," I answered. I have a son dependent on me, so cannot afford to risk my life."

Both Sir Henry and Captain Good looked very disappointed.

"Mr. Quatermain," said the former, "I am well off, and I am bent upon this business. You may put the remuneration for your services at whatever figure

you like in reason, and it shall be paid over to you before we start. Moreover, I will, before we start, arrange that in the event of anything happening to us or to you, that your son shall be suitably provided for."

"Sir Henry," said I, "this is the most liberal offer I ever had. But the job is the biggest I ever came across, and I must take time to think it over. I will give you my answer before we get to Durban."

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—421

- Put a piece of furniture in SCH, and have a nip.
- Rearrange the following letters to make three inland English towns: FISH FEELD, VERY TONIC, FROST FAD.
- In the following five parts of the body the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they?—52068D31, 8649, 839, 5274, C274.
- Find the two hidden articles of clothing in: Don't jump; Ernie wants to take the car; dig another radish and come.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 420

- Overseas.
- SAUCEPAN, STEAMER, TOASTING-FORK.
- Blackberry, Bilberry, Cranberry, Bullace.
- T.U.-Lip, As-ter.

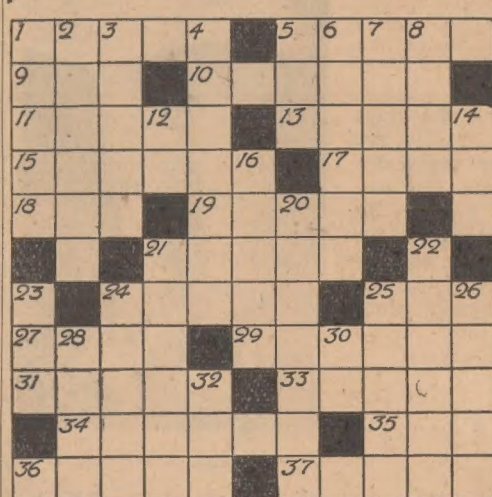
QUIZ for today

- A quoin is an iron ring, counterfeit coin, fox-hunt, stone wedge, milk churn?
- What is the correct name for a group of (a) apes, (b) bears?
- For what boys' names are the following "short": (a) Duddy, (b) Sandy, (c) Jake?
- What is the fruit of the wild rose called?
- How many pipes are there on a bagpipe?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt? Quotiant, Quoram, Quivver, Quinze, Quince, Quinine.

Answers to Quiz in No. 481

- 1902.
- "Queen Elizabeth."
- The old ships had a crucifix on the mizzen mast, and the salute was to the Cross.
- Originally the mess roof was too low to permit standing.
- The Admiral who proposed the issue was nicknamed "Grog."
- 5,350 fathoms. Mindanao (Philippines).
- In memory of the victories of Aboukir, the Nile, and Trafalgar.
- Skerries, Isle of Anglesey.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Floats buoyantly.
- Golf club.
- Pronoun.
- Garment-maker.
- Proverb.
- Ventured.
- Settlement.
- Fishing duck.
- Pungent.
- Sewn folds.
- Drink.
- Funny show.
- Vehicle.
- Countenance.
- Medicinal plant.
- Incisors.
- Chefs.
- Refer.
- Permit.
- Inserted addition.
- Journal.

OF CONIES O
BORACIC CAR
TRIBUNE RUB
ADD LODGER
I BAN HEAD
NEVER MANLY
SAIL PIT N
SATEEN VIA
HEN STUDIOS
OLD PATIENT
Y STYLED AY

CLUES DOWN.

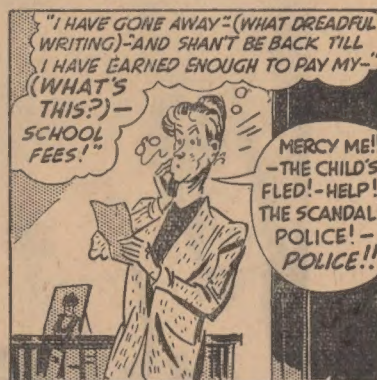
- Small fish.
- Under cover.
- Delivered.
- Man with strong voice.
- Command.
- N. American territory.
- Moulds.
- Exempt.
- Extend.
- Pennyweight.
- White-flowered plant.
- Constrained.
- Oxen.
- Warehouse worker.
- Butter.
- Experiences.
- Pansy.
- Unpleasant.
- Edible seed.
- Number.
- Poor house.



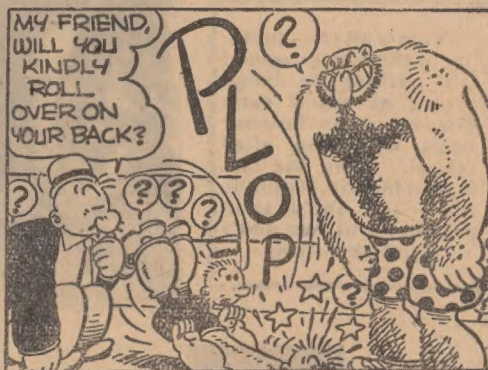
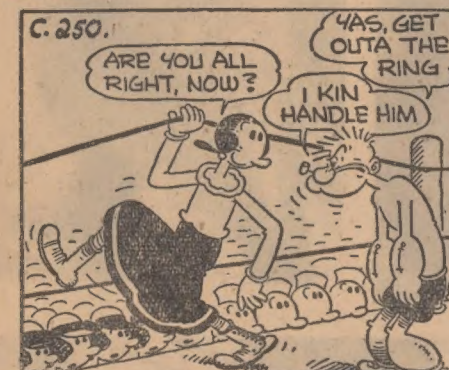
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



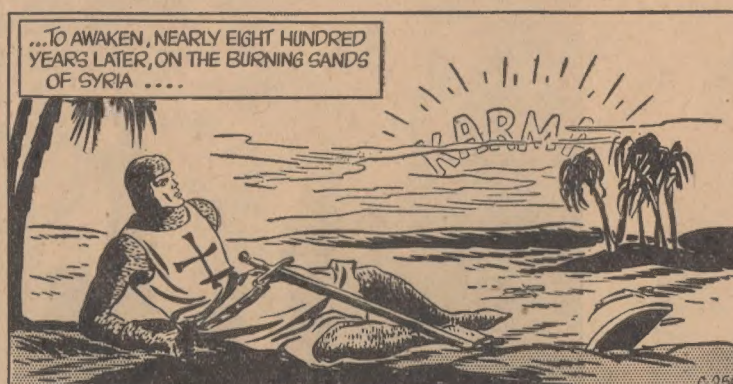
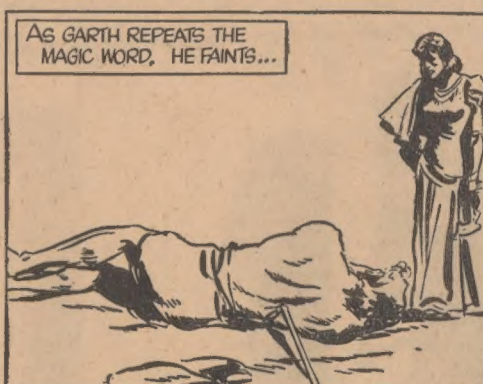
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

KEEPING FIT.

THE average individual carries enough surplus fat to last him for a whole month. Missing his food for a few days would merely mean using up some of this surplus and quite unnecessary fat. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where indigestion, colic, or other disorder of the intestines is concerned, all that is required to bring about relief and the return to normalcy is abstinence from food for two or three days.

George Ryley Scott.

TIMES NOT ABNORMAL.

WE are apt to think that never in its history have the inhabitants of our planet had to endure such suffering as now. But a student of history will know that the past knew times as terrible, though the instruments of death and devastation were different and their area less widespread.

M. L. Christlieb.

OUT OF FOCUS.

WHEN everybody for a week or two seems stupid and out to annoy you, have a straight talk with yourself about it. Which is the more likely—that they are all wrong, or that for some reason just now you are wrong? Don't blame people for your own infirmity. If life seems out of focus, a wise man looks at his spectacles. . . . Try not to get fussed about yourself when these difficult times come. An agitated mind defeats itself. It can see nothing straight.

Rev. W. H. Elliott.

THE HAPPY AMERICAN.

OUR history has made us brash optimists. Century after century we have faced West, turning our backs on the flesh-pots, the quarrels, the stratifications of Europe. If we have never quite realised our own romantic dream of democracy, nevertheless the bounty of the American soil, some magnificent oratory, and a lot of hard work have conspired to keep us, in the main, what we call happy, and some of you might think smug.

Lewis Gannett.

THE NAZI.

AVERAGE undisciplined boys like bullying, and are apt to be cruel to animals; they like to think themselves, their school, their class, their country, superior to all rivals. They like to despise other classes and other nations. They find intellectual work tiring and dull; they prefer physical exercises, camping, drilling. Their sex feelings are strong, and they are proud of their virility; they resent control in such matters, and in general they resent the advice of their elders and their appeals for "good behaviour." What a joy, what a god-send, to the stupider Nazi youth to have an education which tells him that he is better and wiser than his elders.

Professor Gilbert Murray, O.M.

EDUCATION.

IT would not be in the least impossible to introduce citizenship (into the school curriculum) as a serious and scientific subject, if we meant business. The fundamental fact is that man has a dual nature; he is animal and he is spirit. Education should lead the child forth into both worlds. He must become aware of his spiritual inheritance and capacity through the teaching of religion, art, literature, history. He must be introduced to the concrete circumstance in which he has to live the spiritual life.

Constance Reaveley.



Good Morning



★ "What's all this, standing in the corner again! It's nothing to laugh about, as you'll soon discover when Teacher deals with you after school." The bad lass is Jean Martin, Republic star — and she'd soon get round us, we don't mind admitting. ★



"So this is the new kid, huh?"
 "So Matron says."
 "Where did it come from? Haven't seen any storks hanging around."

"Perhaps it's one of those they find under gooseberry bushes?"
 "Don't see any scratches."
 "Maybe it came wrapped in cellophane."

★ "The bath was exactly the right temperature. And now, valet, my breakfast. Baby seal steaks, I think — H'm, yes, I think so." ★



This England

Is that a honeymoon couple we espy going down the steps hand in hand? As likely as not, for isn't this St. Ives, Cornwall's gift to lovers?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Now, when I was on my tenth honeymoon."

